

Iron County Register.

BY ELI D. AKE.

IRONTON. MI S. HURL.

UNSATISFIED.

When my youth was in its prime,
When its buds were in their bloom,
When its feet trod day by day,
Careless, youth's enchanted way,
When the hours o'er ran with joy,
What was this that brought alloy,
Thrilled my soul with faint regret?
Ah! my heart was waiting yet.

When my life its summer knew,
When its buds to autumn grew,
When, like ships that from the land,
Sailing far o'er waters bland,
Treasure laden, come to shore;
Still, like ships, to music set,
Breathed my soul its fond regret,
Waiting yet!

When life had poured her piteous horn
Of wine and oil and golden corn,
Her crimson clusters round me spread,
Her purple clusters o'er my head,
And crowned with wisdom's pearls my brow;
As down time's stream, I turned my prow,
The perfumed breezes, landward set,
Still burdened with the sad regret,
Waiting yet!

Now, upon death's solemn sea
A vast eternity,
Soon shall my bark in silence float,
No mortal ken my path to note.
Swift, swift, recede, time's barren strand,
I pant to reach the latter land,
Where never sail is outward set,
Nor sigh, nor grieving, nor regret,
—Louise W. German, in Chicago Advance.

THE VICAR'S DAUGHTER.

Cyril Harding entered his West End chambers about one o'clock, a very self-satisfied man. To that evening fortune had treated him in none too generous a fashion, but now the little goddess, seemingly repentant, had made amends by placing fame and fortune well within his grasp. His three-act up-to-date society play had been received by a London audience in a style never anticipated by the author, and when, in response to the repeated calls of the enthusiastic theatergoers, he stepped before the curtain and bowed his acknowledgments, he felt that the hour of triumph had arrived.

All recollections of his previous failures faded from his memory, and his life seemed to date only from that moment. Being possessed of a moderate income, he had never felt the pinch of being hard up, and had met his numerous reverses with commendable fortitude. But now all the world was at his feet; his name was made, his future productions would be eagerly sought after, and consequently, the glow of pride which suffused his whole frame was pardonable. After the play, he had received the congratulations of a number of men whose names were foremost in the literary world; men not actuated by any feelings of petty jealousy, but men who resolutely encouraged, any promising aspirant to immortal fame.

On entering his room he turned up the lights, and not feeling any inclination to retire, he casually took down a large tobacco jar from the mantelpiece and proceeded to load an old briar. Throwing himself into an easy chair, he lit his pipe, and, with extended limbs, puffed clouds of pale blue smoke toward the ceiling. He was a young fellow of about 30, and not affecting the mannerisms of the close observer much, of his possessor's life story. It showed that its owner had seen times of trouble, times when the very heart seemed to be knocked out of the man—times when his only companion was gloomy despair; but the shape of the mouth revealed the man who by sheer force of character had risen superior to the trials which fate had imposed upon him.

As he sat there, consoled by the soothing charms of the goddess Nicotina, his thoughts were of a decidedly pleasant nature. He had achieved success—achieved it when young. And yet, a look of intense and passionate longing occasionally crept across his face. Did past memories trouble him, or did he vainly endeavor to look into the dim future? He sat and smoked for some time, and then his eyes rested on the table by his side, on which lay an envelope addressed to him. He took it up in a listless fashion and lazily scrutinized it. He saw that it had been written by a female hand, and had not been opened by him, and he therefore concluded that it had been left by a caller. He broke it open, and read the following epistle:

"Dear Sir:—Please pardon the liberty I take in writing to you. I have just witnessed the great success of your play. You have now made your name, and will be much sought after. Will you grant me the privilege of interviewing you? I am endeavoring to write a play, but so far have not met with success. I am not connected with any paper, but I feel confident that the report of an interview with you would be accepted. I shall call to-morrow in order to learn your decision. Yours very truly,

"ANNIE RALEIGH."

Harding read the communication with much interest, but never looked at the signature. He put the letter on one side, pressed down the tobacco in his pipe and between whiffs muttered:

"Poor girl, no success—well, surely in the hour of my triumph—I can do some one a good turn—call to-morrow—umph, reserving, too—well, well—I hate to be bored—and by a woman, too—however, I think I'll see her—I wonder who she is?" and he took up the letter again.

"Annie Raleigh!" he cried. "Good heavens! surely 'tis not—no, it cannot be—she is married long ago, and vegetating somewhere in the country long ere this; but what a curious coincidence."

The name seemed to have wrought a flood of reminiscences, and with dreamy eyes he conjured up a scene of many years back when he was the happy lover of a young girl of 18. His mind wandered for some time among those days of long ago, and at length he rose and opened a cabinet standing on his dressing table. He rooted out a bundle of old letters, and from among them took out a slightly faded photograph. It was a photo of a young lady, attired

in a pure white dress. It was a dainty little figure, slim and neat, with a pair of laughing eyes, surrounded by a mass of beautiful hair.

He held it in his hand for some time and gazed on it as though spellbound. At length his lips parted, and in a voice of agony he groaned:

"Oh, Annie, Annie, why were you not true? Oh, heaven, how I loved you—loved you with a love which was my very existence. I thought—fool that I was—you loved me, too; but no, no, no, you did not. I was simply a toy—to be played with—and when tired of thrown ruthlessly aside. Ah, well, I was foolish to be entangled by a pretty face; and yet—no—I was not. A man loves but once in his life, and truly I loved then. It was destiny, destiny, and shaped to a curious end. But surely it is time I had got over that feeling; and yet, Annie, my blood rises at this cold picture of you, and I love with the same intensity as of yore. Those were indeed happy days—days when I lived in a fool's paradise." He laid the photograph down and pondered. "I wonder where she is now—does she ever think of me? Does she feel any pang of regret? Possibly she thinks I was a fool; perhaps it would be better if I were so. She would not recognize me now," and he carelessly stroked his beard.

He put the photo back in the cabinet and threw himself into his chair again. But the gates of memory had been opened, and in that night he lived again the life of his years ago. He revelled in the self-torture, and with unsparring hand the cruel sores which time could never heal, and the deep groans which occasionally burst from his compressed lips revealed the agony of the soul within.

When he arose from his chair and went to bed it was four a. m.

"A lady wishes to see you, sir," Harding was seated at his table with a pile of "dailies" before him, studying with immovable face the press notices of his play. Lifting his eyes for a moment, he briefly exclaimed: "Ah! what name?"

He took the piece of pasteboard handed to him, and the color rose to his pale face as he read the old familiar name. "Very well, tell the lady I'll see her. Show her up."

"Curious," he soliloquized, "none of these criticisms can raise the slightest emotion, but that name—" and he stopped.

A few moments later the lady entered, and as he turned to greet her caught sight of her face.

"Good heavens!" he gasped, "it's Annie!" and then he became cool again.

He offered her a chair, and, seeing that she was at a loss as to how she should commence, opened the conversation.

"So, Miss Raleigh, you wish to interview me?"

"I am afraid I cannot adequately express my sense of gratitude," she replied, with a sweet smile, which caused his heart to bound again; "you are indeed too kind."

"Well, I am afraid you have chosen rather a poor subject," said Harding; "but I should be glad to see you, and if I can assist you in any way I shall only be too pleased. Cross-examine me as you like, for as you know, it will be quite a novel experience, as far as I am concerned."

"Thank you. But, Mr. Harding, I really don't know how to commence. I suppose I had better jot down a few particulars about your surroundings, etcetera."

She took out a notebook and a pencil, and, as she bent forward to write, Harding carefully scrutinized her. She was still the same sweet girl he had loved. True, she looked older, and a great deal more serious, giving him the impression that her life had not altogether been cast in pleasant places.

"I wonder how she came to this," he thought. "Her husband must either be a wastrel, or he must be dead, and in taking up literature she has gone back to her maiden name. Ah, well; I suppose I ought to feel highly delighted to see one who scorned me brought to this state; but upon my word I don't. My heart goes out to her again. How I should like to know what has happened during the last eight or nine years; and as Providence has placed the opportunity in my power, I will make a bold effort to fathom all before she leaves."

The interviewer looked up, and in rather a beseeching tone said:

"Mr. Harding, I have very crude ideas as to how I should go about this interview. I wish you would give me a few details about yourself, your work and methods, and then perhaps I could jot down a few particulars, which I could weave together afterward."

He smiled sadly, and then gave her the information required. She made some notes, and then at the conclusion put away her book, and after thanking him again, made a movement as if preparing to depart. Harding noted this, and at his wife's end, blurted out, in a desperate fashion:

"So you are endeavoring to adopt literature as your profession, Miss Raleigh?"

"Oh, Annie, Annie, why were you not true? Oh, heaven, how I loved you—loved you with a love which was my very existence. I thought—fool that I was—you loved me, too; but no, no, no, you did not. I was simply a toy—to be played with—and when tired of thrown ruthlessly aside. Ah, well, I was foolish to be entangled by a pretty face; and yet—no—I was not. A man loves but once in his life, and truly I loved then. It was destiny, destiny, and shaped to a curious end. But surely it is time I had got over that feeling; and yet, Annie, my blood rises at this cold picture of you, and I love with the same intensity as of yore. Those were indeed happy days—days when I lived in a fool's paradise." He laid the photograph down and pondered. "I wonder where she is now—does she ever think of me? Does she feel any pang of regret? Possibly she thinks I was a fool; perhaps it would be better if I were so. She would not recognize me now," and he carelessly stroked his beard.

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"So you are endeavoring to adopt literature as your profession, Miss Raleigh?"

WORKED BY MULE POWER.

The Primitive Water Works at Guaymas, Mexico.

Half way up the Gulf of California, on the southwestern coast of Mexico, is the little seaport of Guaymas. Of late years Guaymas has grown apace commercially, and her Mexican and American citizens, spurred onward and assisted by the influx of Yankee and English merchants, have a great many modern improvements, and as soon as you land the people begin to talk to you about the wonderful advantages of Guaymas, either as a residence or business location. With pride they show you their street lights, their horse cars and several other more or less modern improvements. But no one has ever a word to say about the waterworks or the water system. Yet you notice with satisfaction that the water they give you to drink is clear as crystal, soft and very pleasing to the eye and taste alike. Of course, you do not expect to find running water in each room in a Mexican city of only 5,000 inhabitants, and you are not greatly surprised to have the water poured out for you from big leather bags or earthen jars, for that is the way of things in Mexico, and a very good way with respect to drinking water.

But after you have visited the new plaza and seen all the sights that the town affords you may have a curiosity to know something about the water system. If such a curiosity should possess you, it may seem strange how the natives avoid conversation on the topic. They do not even care to talk about the good quality of the water, and it seems passing strange to the newcomer, because even towns that lack good drinking water never fail to blow about the quality and quantity of whatever drinking fluid they do happen to have. In Guaymas the subject of drinking water, at least in business and commercial circles, is strictly tabooed.

Now, if you are a thoughtful person, all this will strike you as remarkably singular, and some fine day, after enjoying a glass of this most excellent water, you will start off on a tour of exploration for yourself, bent upon discovering the source of Guaymas' water supply. About a mile east of the city, if you have good luck, you will strike a very ancient artesian well, surrounded by a curious arcade system of adobe walls, flumes, prehistoric windlasses, one mule and two Indians. These comprise the water works of Guaymas. It is said by travelers that there is no such another antique water pumping station in North America. And it is not difficult to believe this if we add the qualifying words: "In a civilized community of 5,000 inhabitants." Surrounding this artesian well—which is said to tap a subterranean mountain stream that flows freely to-day as it did in the days of Montezuma—is a quadrangular stone wall of about four feet in thickness. In the center of the south and north walls are two pillars or columns of stone which rise to a height of about ten feet above the walls. Resting on the walls is a substantial roof of flooring in that part where there is a small opening immediately between the columns. Resting on the columns over this opening to the well is a most primitive constructed windlass. This is operated on the ground below by a big crude-fashioned wooden wheel that is best described by comparing it to a bird cage, and this cage-like wheel is turned by the slow and weary mule who requires the constant surveillance of an Indian driver in order to keep him wide awake. Just what it is that keeps the Indian driver awake is another question.

A long untanned leather strap winds several times around the bird cage wheel, and then tapers a diagonal cut up to the end of the windlass. Attached to the windlass are two rude buckets, which are lowered alternately and alternately appear laden with as pure, sweet drinking water as ever quenched the thirst that springs eternal under the hot sun of the Mexican desert.

In the east wall of the quadrangle is an opening through which a big wooden flume leads from the water casks as they emerge from the well down to a series of wooden reservoirs that stand up on stilts about ten feet from the ground. Into these reservoirs or slugs the water is poured. Early every morning these sluice boxes are filled. The inhabitants of Guaymas come out and take their day's water supply therefrom, and by night the sluice boxes are emptied. Not every inhabitant of Guaymas makes a diurnal pilgrimage to this primitive water works, but all of the poorer people, who cannot afford to pay the slight charges incident upon having their leather water cask filled by the regular carriers for the well-to-do, may be seen in the early hours with their crude and curious water vessels.

One's first question upon discovering this antique water supply of Guaymas is an inquiry concerning the age of the well and the antique wall surrounding it. No one seems to know, but the American consul says that it must be fully 400 years old. It is evidently not of Toltec or Aztec origin, for its distinguishing characteristic is its extreme crudeness. It is a very crude affair, and it is not a very old one. It is a very crude affair, and it is not a very old one. It is a very crude affair, and it is not a very old one.

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AGAINST HIGH TARIFF.

An Effective Objection to the McKinley Law.

One of the most effective protests ever made against the high tariff system is incorporated in a paper filled with the words and means committee by J. C. Harrah, president of the Midvale Steel company, of Philadelphia. This company presented to the committee a request that no charge be made in the present schedules of the tariff relating to metals, or the materials, either raw or in a partly manufactured state, that are used in the manufacture of metals. The request was sustained by some very cogent arguments. Mr. Harrah began by premising that the tariff had two objects in view; first, to obtain sufficient revenue for the requirements of the government wisely and economically administered; and, second, to alleviate the burden of the cost of living to those who are least able to bear the load, because of insufficient means of subsistence. The president of the Midvale company then pointed out that any increase in the rate of duty on articles imported into this country would necessarily diminish the market for such articles and at the same time increase the cost of living. An increase of tariff rates would therefore defeat the very objects which the committee were professing to seek, while those objects would be promptly and effectually realized by the financial committee in the duties. In respect to protection to the laborer by higher tariff rates, Mr. Harrah said:

"While this additional tax might to a small extent increase the business of our manufacturers, any such increase to him in this indirect manner must necessarily insure to his sole benefit, because the question of wages is one of supply and demand, and cannot in any way be affected by tariff legislation, and no manufacturer would permit any false sentiment to influence him to pay the laborer one dollar more for wages than the market supply of labor would warrant."

The Midvale company is engaged in the manufacture of steel only, and it does not desire any higher duties on articles competing with its products than now exist. Mr. Harrah gave conclusive reasons for this attitude of his company. The Wilson law reduced the tariff on tires one-half, and yet the base price of tires to-day is four cents per pound, as it was under the McKinley law. Nor has the Wilson law affected the number of tires manufactured in this country to any appreciable extent, as is shown by the facts that the Midvale company is the largest maker of this product in the United States, and that its business has steadily increased from year to year.

Moreover, tariff rates are already so high that domestic manufacturers are exporting their products to foreign countries and selling them at higher prices there than here. The Midvale company makes steel castings and sells them abroad, receiving from 30 to 40 per cent. more for them than it can get in this country. This company is now earnestly engaged in increasing its trade abroad, and its president greatly fears that any increase of duty in the metal schedules by exciting retaliatory measures on the part of foreign nations might have disastrous effect upon this company's business.

No better tariff reform document than this letter has appeared. It should receive a wide circulation. — Illinois State Register.

REPUBLICAN FAVORITISM.

Protection Makes the Rich Richer and the Poor Poorer.

The incoming administration is as poor in political wisdom as it is in patriotism. For as the advocates of prosperity, the republicans are doing all they can to earn the reputation of continuers of adversity. The present tinkering of the tariff will do much to injure the party in the coming campaign. There is nothing more business-destroying than the uncertainty which always accompanies tariff revision, and in this instance it will be all the more distasteful to the people because it is well known that the legislation of the extra session is largely, if not entirely, for the purpose of favoring industries already favored too much, and of protecting monopolies that are already sufficiently unpopular.

But McKinley and tariff protection are ever to be linked together, it would seem. It is quite fair to presume that the coming bill will be as unpopular and unjust as was its detested predecessor. Besides, the republican party is pledged to the protection of interests, and Hanna, the friend of capital and the uncompromising foe of labor, will dictate a policy that will steadily continue to make the rich richer and the poor poorer.—Tammany Times.

A Reduction of Wages.

One of the heavy contributors to the republican campaign fund was the Pennsylvania Steel company of Harrisburg. Though able to make large contributions in aid of the election of "the Advance Guard of Prosperity," it appears that the company is not able to continue paying its men good wages in spite of the success of their candidate. A notice of a ten per cent. reduction in wages has been posted at the works and it will affect about 3,000 employees. The question arises whether it might not have been better for the company to keep the money they gave the republicans to use in their "Campaign of Education" and use it in keeping up the wages of its men. Perhaps this would have been of greater assistance in bringing about that "dawn of prosperity" which our republican contemporaries have been trying to see for a long time than the use which was made of the money.—Buffalo Times.

American can manufacture iron more cheaply than Englishmen, while paying much higher wages to labor, but it has been conclusively demonstrated that the best paid labor is the cheapest. England pays better wages than are paid on the continent of Europe, but in spite of that she has been able to maintain her supremacy, because she gets more service for a given amount of money. The same is true of labor in the United States. It is better paid than that of England, but in return it renders better service and is more efficient.—Pittsburgh Times.

American steel rails are selling way below English prices and our manufacturers have even been invading England, but that is no reason for the removal of duties in the new republican tariff bill. The trust will want to reorganize in a few weeks. Then the duty will be necessary to keep up exorbitant prices to the home consumer.—Kansas City Times.

TARIFF AGITATION.

The Protective Game Is Up with the Farmers.

It is to be observed that the republican organs manifest very little cordiality in such support as they are giving the republican tariff programme. Many of them do not touch upon the subject at all. During the past four years numbers of republican papers have protested against the unreasonably high rates that are demanded by those who are in a position to ask for and insist upon receiving the benefits that accrue from republican protection. Those benefits do not apply widely, and it is to be observed that outside that comparatively small circle where protection is helpful there is very little support given to the proposed tariff, and such support as there is is not of the heartiest.

As for the farmers—well, the protection game may be said to be up in the agricultural districts. It has been played so often during a long period that it is sadly the worse for the wear and tear to which it has been subjected. The republicans must shortly realize, if they do not realize already, that the farmer thoroughly understands them and he will not permit himself to be victimized by any of their old and well-worn tricks, at any rate. He may be caught by something new, but he is through with walking into the protection trap. At least this is the way the signs point, as witness a resolution adopted by the Pennsylvania State Grange a couple of months ago, when it declared:

"That we cannot deceive ourselves with the idea that any measure of protection to our manufacturers, any such measure can avail in the slightest degree to benefit the grower of these crops of which he produces a surplus for export and whose prices are necessarily made in the world's market where they are and must continue to be determined. And yet the republican countries which are importers of agricultural products may in a measure remedy the evil of their position by the imposition of a protective tariff on the importation of agricultural products, it is manifestly impossible for those which produce a surplus for export to give the least particle of relief to the interest of the farmers by a high tariff on these products."

Protection is doubtless still good for general campaign contributions, and the most must be made of such fruit of it, for it is clearly good for nothing else. When the great agricultural element admits seeing the folly and futility of it, its promoters may well regard it as having had its day. It's a poor thing to offer as an excuse for wholesale and violent discrimination of business at a time when business is so much in need of a rest.—Binghamton (N. Y.) Leader.

SPEAKIN' OUT IN MEETIN'.

McKinley Promises Are Not Being Fulfilled.

The chickens of McKinley "promise" are coming home to roost. They are now next door to McKinley himself, in demands for him and Hanna to make good their promises. The republican dispatches carry the following from Cleveland, uttered by a prominent republican leader, a relative of Matt Quay, of Pennsylvania. He said:

"If Maj. McKinley and M. A. Hanna will not redeem some of the promises that they made to the workmen of this country before the election, I am in favor of the republican party, as a party, taking up the matter."

The entire campaign, which was managed by Hanna, was based on an appeal to the workmen of this country. They were promised that the mills would open as soon as McKinley was elected. They were promised work. To-day the times are harder than they were before election. One-third more men are out of employment to-day than before McKinley was elected."

This is doubtless a well meaning and an honest man, who made the mistake so many made, of taking any stock in pre-election promises. He says that Hanna and McKinley have not kept one promise they made; say it is an outrage to which millions of workmen to the cabinet and put Millionaire Hanna in his place in the senate. He demands that Ohio's governor, Bushnell, will do something that will show that Hanna and McKinley are to blame, and not the G. O. P. The simplicity of this man's faith is astonishing. It is childlike and blind. And yet he represents a class—a large class—kittens they are in republican politics, but they will get their eyes open—in time.—Minneapolis Penny Press.

COMMENTS OF THE PRESS.

It looks as if the American farmer had outgrown that stage where he could be convinced that a high tariff on agricultural products not imported into this country constituted protection.—Binghamton (N. Y.) Leader.

When the republican thinks his vote is not needed, the colored citizen is a plain "nigger"; if the result is doubtful, he is a "nigger"; and if success depends upon his vote, he becomes a "colored gentleman."—Tammany Times.

The "trouble ahead" for President McKinley is not foreign, but Hanna. Hanna stands for. Foraker has twice capitulated unconditionally in Ohio, but it was to the people, not to Hanna. He knows, as everyone else does who knows the state, that the people are not for Hanna or anyone who permanently represents Hanna.—N. Y. World.

Under ordinary conditions of business competition a decline in the price of raw material, other things being equal, is accompanied by a decline in the price of the manufactured article. But when the market is controlled by a monopoly combine the managers of the monopoly fix the price of the raw material at a level above the price of the manufactured product. The limit of the latter is the price which will enable outside competitors to undersell the combine, and the tariff differential on sugar has given the sugar trust an ample margin. Here is a case of operation of the protected trust laid bare.—St. Louis Republic.

Following the dissolution of the steel rail combine comes the invasion of the English market by American manufacturers. Mr. Carnegie sells his rails to Englishmen because he gives them prices below what they can get at home. Please to observe that this is not a capture of the English steel market has not been effected under McKinleyism. Get the trusts out of the way, give us a tariff for revenue and not for the profit of monopoly—in short, abolish the conditions which create fictitious high prices here at home, and American industry will command the markets of the world, giving employment and wages to hundreds of thousands of American workmen.—Boston Post.

DOWNWARD STILL.

General Prices Have Fallen Twenty Per Cent. in Six Years.

The most discouraging feature of our times is the everlasting downward trend of prices. Not even has this been arrested since the election, when the restoration of confidence was to be done, but the details now known of two full months' business after the November election confirm this condition. Of course, the free coinage advocates expected nothing different, and have not been disappointed. But the country at large, who led themselves to accept the promises made, have been not unduly disappointed, but chagrined.

This continued, unarrested downward trend has proceeded without material change from January 1, 1891, to which point there had been an uninterrupted march downward, all the way from 1873, silver and other commodities, in the main, keeping pace together. The proofs of this are furnished by summary in the form of index figures, compiled from the reports of the commercial agencies—notably Bradstreet's. The compilation is on the following articles: Silver, breadstuffs (6 articles), live stock (4 kinds), provisions (24 articles), hides and leather (4 articles), raw and manufactured textiles (11 articles), metals (12 articles), coal and coke (4 articles), mineral and vegetable oils (7 articles), mineral stores (3 articles), building materials (7 articles), chemicals (11 articles), miscellaneous (7 articles), general index number (100 articles).

Taking the low prices of January 1, 1891, as 100 for each of these, the prices of the same January 1, 1897, are as follows: Silver, 62.16; breadstuffs, 68.45; live stock, 77.32; provisions, 82.63; hides and leather, 108.92; textiles, 75.41; metals, 68.69; coal and coke, 89.59; oils, 85.07; mineral stores,